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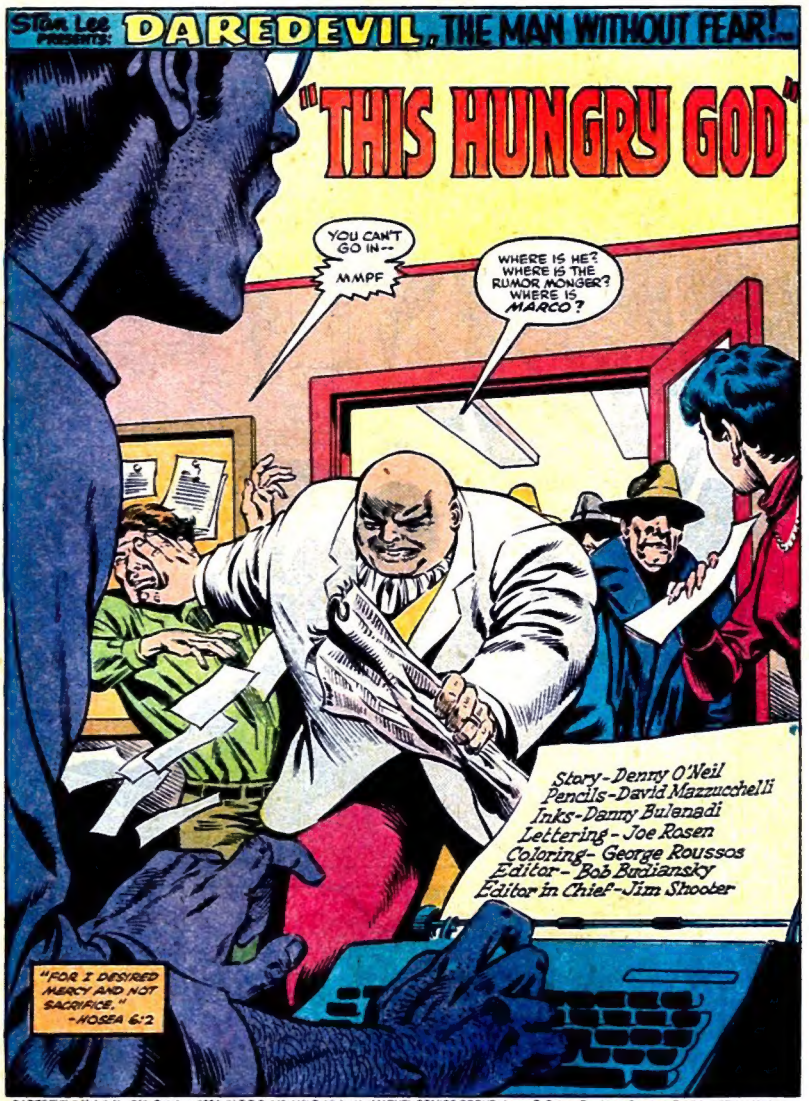

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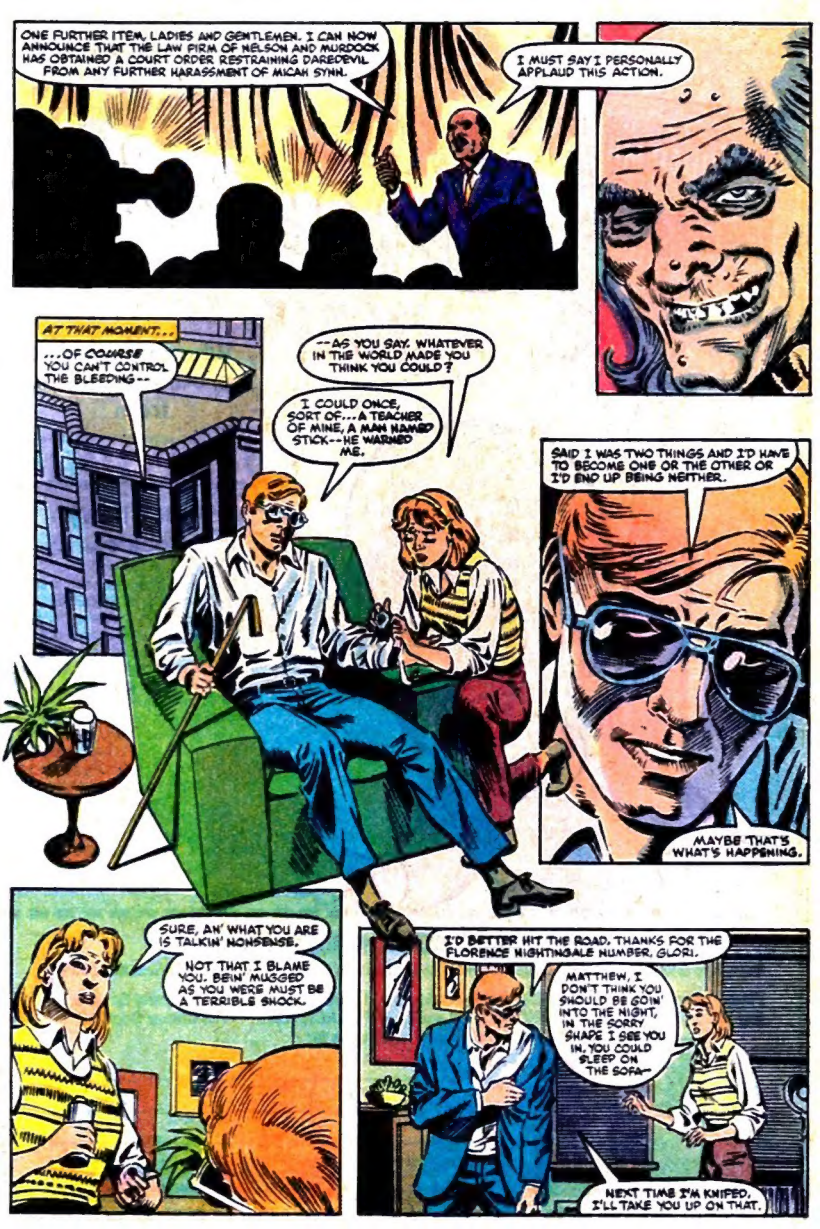
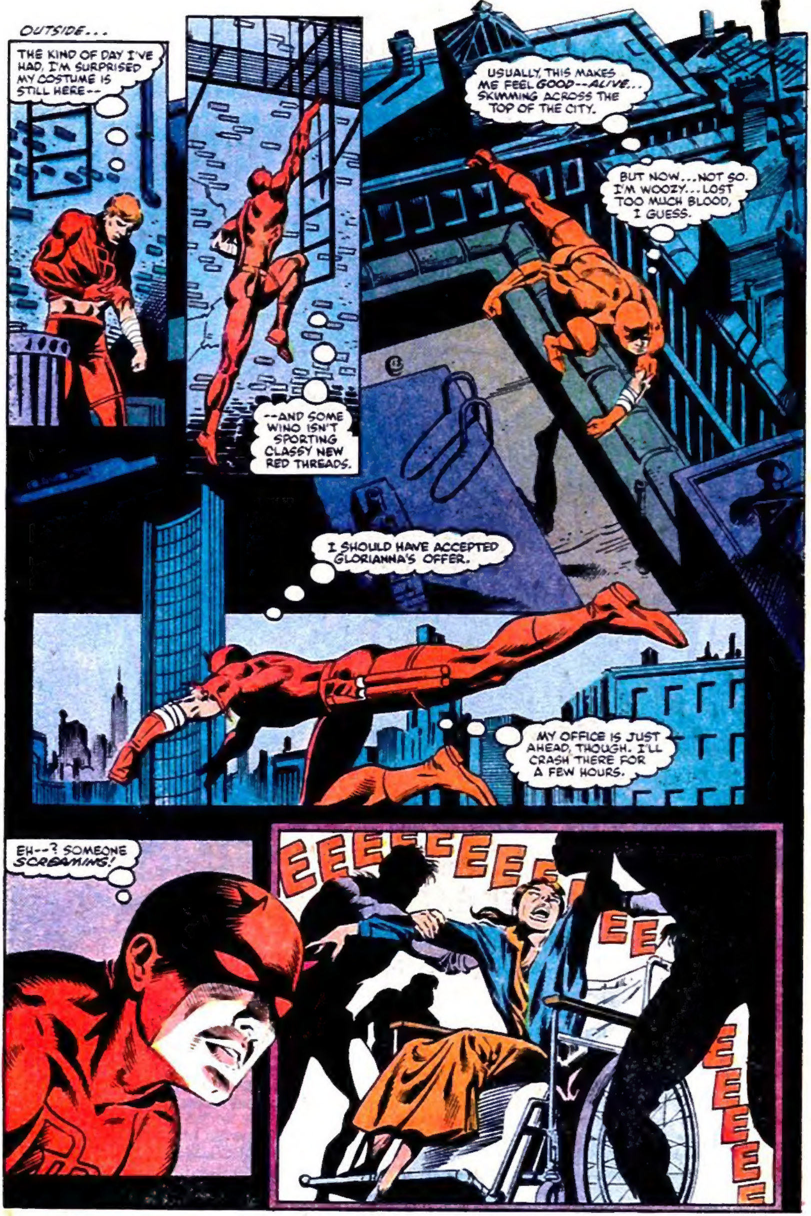
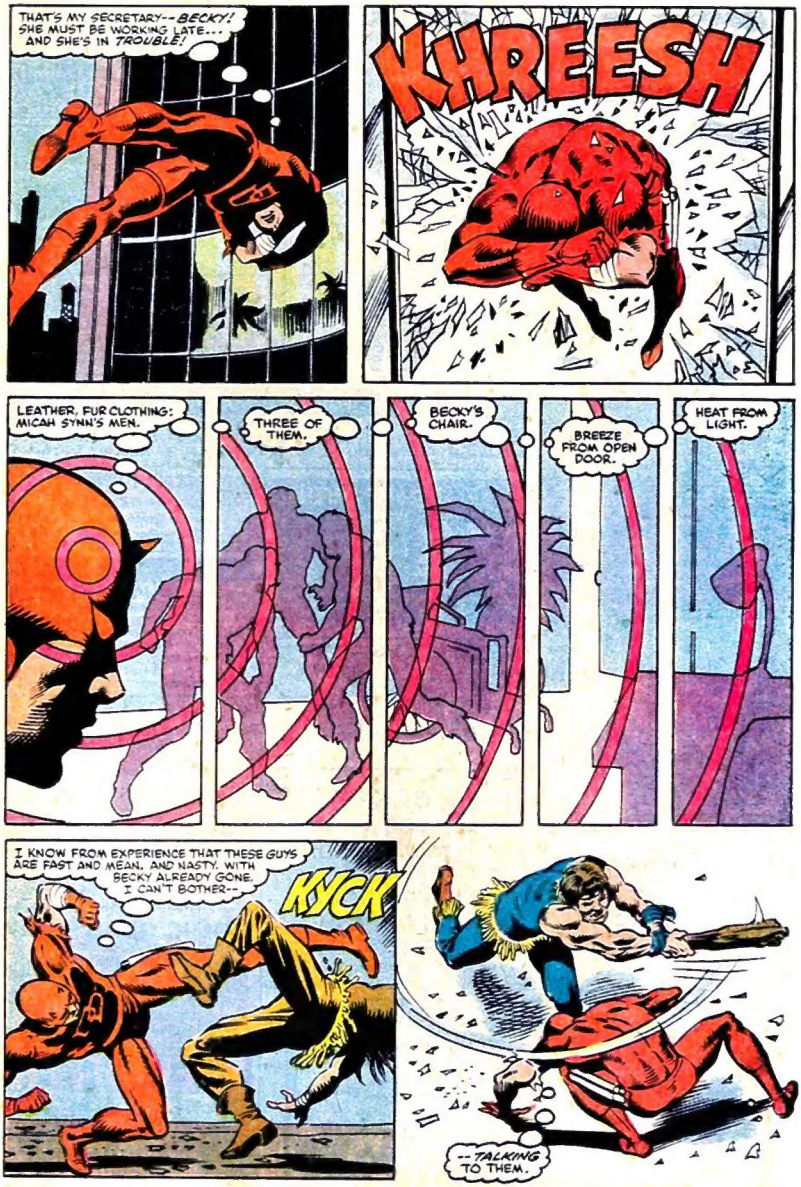
YOU'RE MARCO?
NO.
YOU LIE.
Revealer "Gets to the Guts"
YOUR PICTURE APPEARS AT THE TOP OF YOUR COLUMN.
YOU WROTE THIS.
WELL, IT WAS EDITED...
YOU WROTE IT--
--AND YOU IMPLY THAT I AM ...INVOLVED WITH THIS WOMAN, THIS ACTRESS!
CRIME LORD AND HIS BABE?
I AM MARRIED, TO VANESSA, WHOM I LOVE.
I SUSPECT THAT YOU WERE URGED TO PRINT THAT SLANDER BY MICAH SYNN, THEREFORE YOU WILL DO TWO THINGS--YOU WILL WRITE A RETRACTION AND YOU WILL PUBLISH SOMETHING SLANDEROUS ABOUT SYNN.

YOU WILL DO THESE THINGS OR YOUR LIFE WILL BE VERY UNPLEASANT.
AND SHORT.
I SHALL READ YOUR NEXT EDITION WITH GREAT INTEREST.
THEN--
WELL, OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T SCARE ME...
BUT HE DID HAVE A POINT... ABOUT...ABOUT...
...SLANDER...
ELSEWHERE...
SYNN AND HIS BUDDY CROSSBOW WON THAT ROUND...DECISIVELY.* ARROW WOUND IN MY ARM'S BEGINNING TO REALLY HURT.
CAN'T CONTROL THE PAIN...OR THE BLEEDING...
*LAST ISSUE--DOB
AND I DON'T WANT TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS A HOSPITAL NURSE WOULD ASK.
MAYBE DAREDEVIL SHOULD GO AWAY AND LET MATT MURDOCK GET THE FIRST AID.
NOT FROM A DOCTOR. FROM GLORIANNA.

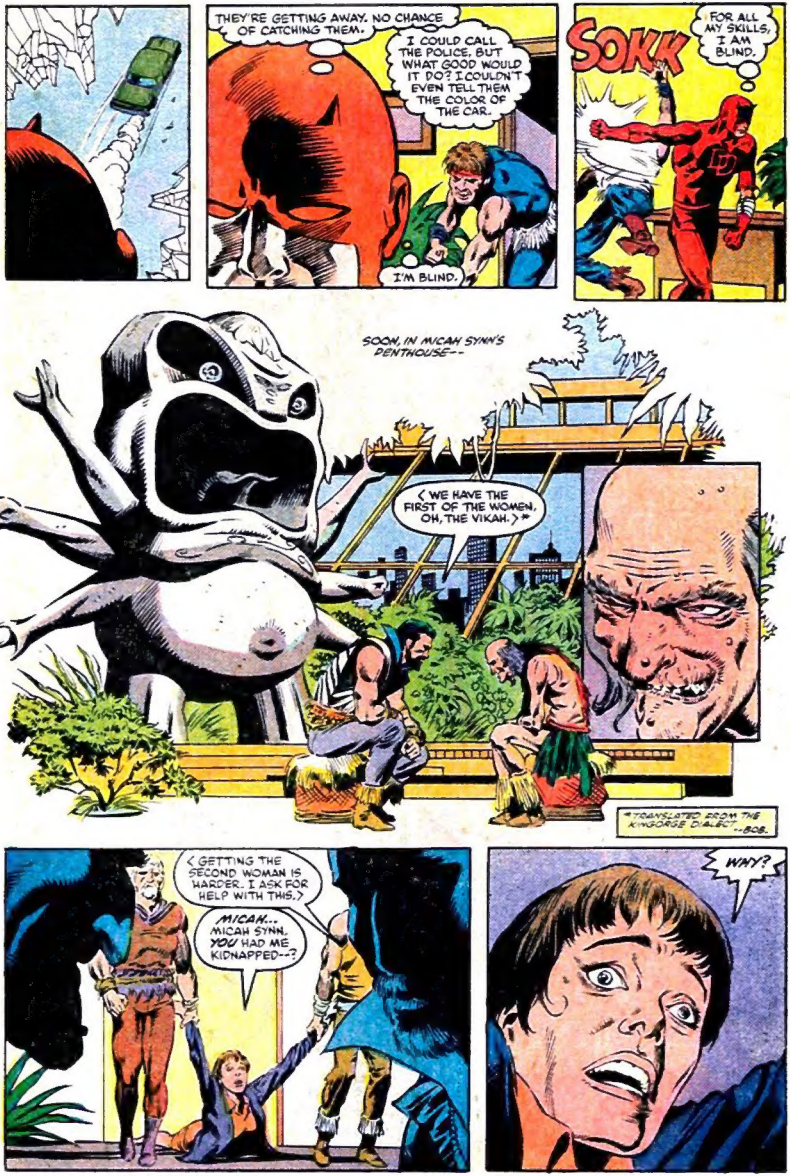
MEANWHILE, AT A LARGE, MIDTOWN HOTEL.
...MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS --
--THE LATEST OF CHIEF MICAH SYNN'S TRIBE TO ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY FROM AFRICA--THE VIKAH.
AS YOU KNOW, CHIEF MICAH SYNN'S PEOPLE ARE DESCENDANTS OF LOST ENGLISH EXPLORERS.
FOR CENTURIES, THEY LIVED CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD IN INCREDIBLE HARDSHIP AND POVERTY
DURING THAT TIME THEY EVOLVED THEIR OWN LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS.
THE VIKAH, HERE, IS...WELL, IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN. HE'S SORT OF A DOCTOR, A MINISTER, A MAGICIAN AND A WISE MAN ROLLED INTO ONE.


ONE FURTHER ITEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I CAN NOW ANNOUNCE THAT THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK HAS OBTAINED A COURT ORDER RESTRAINING DAREDEVIL FROM ANY FURTHER HARASSMENT OF MICAH SYNN.
I MUST SAY I PERSONALLY APPLAUD THIS ACTION.
AT THAT MOMENT...
...OF COURSE YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE BLEEDING--
--AS YOU SAY. WHATEVER IN THE WORLD MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD?
I COULD ONCE, SORT OF... A TEACHER OF MINE, A MAN NAMED STICK--HE WARNED ME.
SAID I WAS TWO THINGS AND I'D HAVE TO BECOME ONE OR THE OTHER OR I'D END UP BEING NEITHER.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING.
SURE, AN' WHAT YOU ARE IS TALKIN' NONSENSE.
NOT THAT I BLAME YOU. BEIN' MUGGED AS YOU WERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE SHOCK.
I'D BETTER HIT THE ROAD. THANKS FOR THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE NUMBER, GLORI.
MATTHEW, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE GOIN' INTO THE NIGHT, IN THE SORRY SHAPE I SEE YOU IN. YOU COULD SLEEP ON THE SOFA--
NEXT TIME I'M KNIFED, I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.


OUTSIDE...
THE KIND OF DAY I'VE HAD, I'M SURPRISED MY COSTUME IS STILL HERE--
--AND SOME WINO ISN'T SPORTING CLASSY NEW RED THREADS.
USUALLY, THIS MAKES ME FEEL GOOD--ALIVE... SKIMMING ACROSS THE TOP OF THE CITY.
BUT NOW...NOT SO. I'M WOOZY...LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD, I GUESS.
I SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED GLORIANNA'S OFFER.
MY OFFICE IS JUST AHEAD, THOUGH. I'LL CRASH THERE FOR A FEW HOURS.
EH--? SOMEONE SCREAMING!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE


THAT'S MY SECRETARY--BECKY! SHE MUST BE WORKING LATE... AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
KHREESH
LEATHER. FUR CLOTHING: MICAH SYNN'S MEN.
THREE OF THEM.
BECKY'S CHAIR.
BREEZE FROM OPEN DOOR.
HEAT FROM LIGHT.
I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THESE GUYS ARE FAST AND MEAN, AND NASTY. WITH BECKY ALREADY GONE, I CAN'T BOTHER--
KYCK
--TALKING TO THEM.

TCHOCK
NOK
WHOO
WHOEVER GRABBED BECKY WILL HAVE REACHED THE STREET BY NOW--
--I CAN HEAR AN ENGINE RUNNING... BECKY'S SHOES SCRAPING THE PAVEMENT.


THEY'RE GETTING AWAY. NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM.
I COULD CALL THE POLICE, BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO? I COULDN'T EVEN TELL THEM THE COLOR OF THE CAR.
I'M BLIND.
SOKK
FOR ALL MY SKILLS, I AM BLIND.
SOON, IN MICAH SYNN'S PENTHOUSE--
〈WE HAVE THE FIRST OF THE WOMEN. OH, THE VIKAH.〉*
*TRANSLATED FROM THE KINGORSE DIALECT--BOB.
〈GETTING THE SECOND WOMAN IS HARDER. I ASK FOR HELP WITH THIS.〉
MICAH... MICAH SYNN, YOU HAD ME KIDNAPPED--?
WHY?

FOR SACRIFICE TO MOW.
HUMAN SACRIFICE.
WHILE --
ONCE I GET INSIDE, MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO THINK CLEARLY-- PLAN MY NEXT MOVE --
UH-OH.
MORE OF MICAH'S MEN--
--ON THE ROOF OF MY HOUSE--
--AND INSIDE.
I COULD PROBABLY TAKE THEM. BUT I'M WEAK... AND TIRED... AND IF I DIDN'T DO IT QUIETLY, SOMEONE MIGHT CALL THE LAW.
THE LAST THING MATT MURDOCK NEEDS IS THAT KIND OF ATTENTION --
--NOT WITH THAT RESTRAINING ORDER PENDING. I WANT A LOW PROFILE TILL IT'S SETTLED.
MAYBE BOBBY CAN PUT ME UP FOR--
UH-OH.

STILL MORE OF SYNN'S BUDDIES--

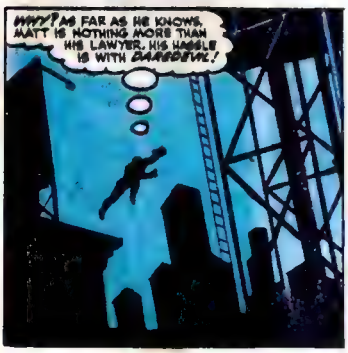
--STATIONED AROUND FOGGY'S APARTMENT. THEY'RE NOT ATTACKING. THEY'RE JUST... WATCHING?
FOGGY AND DEBBIE DON'T SEEM TO BE AWARE OF THE KINGPIN. I CAN HEAR THEM TALKING--
WELL, I THINK IT IS TERRIBLE!

FRANKLIN, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
HUH? WHUZZIT?
THIS ARTICLE BY THAT MARCO IN THIS AWFUL PAPER, THE REVEALER,

IT SAYS MICAH SYNN IS A SAVAGE AND A BRUTE! IMAGINE, CALLING THAT DEAR, SWEET--

--NOBLE MICAH THOSE AWFUL NAMES--!
SOMEDAY, I'VE GOT TO BEG FOGGY'S FORGIVENESS FOR BEING BEST MAN AT HIS WEDDING.
BUT FOR NOW... I'VE GOT REAL PROBLEMS. MICAH SEEMS TO HAVE SCATTERED MEN ALL AROUND THE CITY--

--EVERYWHERE MATT MURDOCK IS LIKELY TO BE.


WHY? AS FAR AS HE KNOWS, MATT IS NOTHING MORE THAN HIS LAWYER. HIS HASSLE IS WITH DAREDEVIL!

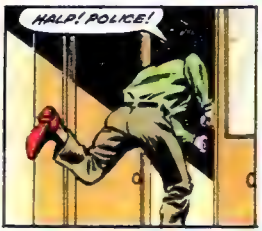
UNLESS--

HE STOLE MY SCARF... AND HE SNIFFED THE SLEEVE I LOST IN HIS PSEUDO-JUNGLE... AND HE DOES HAVE EXTREMELY ACUTE SENSES...

HE KNOWS.

AND AT THE OFFICES OF THE REVEALER...

MR. MARCO? YOU IN HERE?
PUTTIN' IN A LATE ONE, HUH, MR. MARCO?


HALP! POLICE!

CALL THE POLICE!

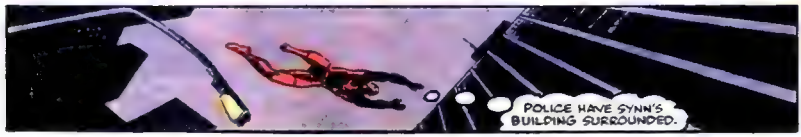
SEVERAL MILES UPTOWN...
ONE MAN IN ALL OF NEW YORK MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME. JUST ONE. AND I HATE TO ASK HIM!
BUT IT FIGURES THAT HE'S BEEN KEEPING TABS ON MICAH AND MAYBE HE'LL BE WILLING TO TELL ME WHERE BECKY MIGHT BE.
SO I'VE GOT TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND GO TO THE KINGPIN--
SHOTS!
THE KINGPIN'S BODYGUARDS... FIRING AT THOSE RUNNING MEN.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THEY'RE FORCING A WOMAN INTO A VAN!
ANOTHER KIDNAPPING!

KWOK
OK
THE KINGORGE! SYMM'S PEOPLE!
CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE AGAIN! THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO FIND BECKY! MAYBE MY ONLY CHANCE!

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HANG ON.
EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER...
RRING
BOSS... THEY GRABBED YOUR WIFE/ VANESSA. IT WAS SYNN'S BUNCH.
YES.
A SACRIFICE WAS NECESSARY.
AND...
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SYNN'S PENTHOUSE!
BUT I KEEP FORGETTING THAT SYNN DOESN'T THINK LIKE AN ORDINARY CRIMINAL--
--OR AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING!
EH--? HEAT--A SPOTLIGHT.
OKAY, MASKED MAN--

--COME DOWN OFF THERE NICE AND SLOW!
TRYIN' A SNEAK PAST US, HUH?
GUESS YOU DIDN'T *BELIEVE* IT WHEN THE JUDGE SAID YOU GOTTA STAY CLEAR OF SYNN!
* MICAH SYNN GOT A TEMPORARY RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST D.D. LAST ISSUE -- BOB.

YOU CRAZY?
I OWED HIM ONE.


POLICE HAVE SYNN'S BUILDING SURROUNDED.

AND I CAN HEAR CHOPPERS CIRCLING OVERHEAD.
IT'S A CINCH THE PLACE IS BATHED IN LIGHT, TOO.
FOR HOURS I'VE BEEN DASHING AROUND IN A PANIC...BLEEDING ALL OVER TOWN...SCURRYING LIKE A FRIGHTENED ANIMAL...
...GETTING NOWHERE. GOT TO RELAX, REFLECT, UNDERSTAND...
EXACTLY 500 YEARS AWAY...
OH THE VIKAH, THE SACRIFICES ARE READY.
CLAP
WE BEGIN.

AND, 40 FLOORS BELOW...
BUT I'M MR. SYNN'S ATTORNEY.
LET 'IM PASS, JOMSEY. OUR ORDERS SAY WE GOTTA KEEP DAREDEVIL OUT. THEY DON'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT MATT MURDOCK.
THANKS.
SMELL OF WOOD BURNING.
WE MAY NEED THIS.
TO THIS HUNGRY GOD--
--WE OFFER THESE SACRIFICES...
NO... NO! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE--

THE SPRAY FROM THE EXTINGUISHER WILL AT LEAST DIM OUT THE TORCHES--
--AND MAYBE BUY ME A FEW SECONDS--
--TO FREE THE WOMEN.
VANESSA... RUN! TELL THE COPS ON THE STREET WHAT'S HAPPENING.
BUT BECKY--
I'LL WORRY ABOUT HER.
DON'T ARGUE... GO!
TROUBLE. MY WOUNDED ARM'S TOO WEAK TO LIFT HER... AND I NEED MY OTHER ONE FOR FIGHTING.
THE KINGORGE ARE RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE... EYES ARE ADJUSTING TO THE DARKNESS...

MISTER... YOU CAN'T DO IT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET HER OUT!
BUT MAYBE I CAN.
YOU CAN TRY--
MICAH'S RECOVERED...MOVING IN FROM THE LEFT. I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE HIM AND HIS MEN.
I'M NOT SURE I COULD HANDLE HIM!
BUT I'VE GOT TO DELAY HIM A FEW SECONDS LONGER--
--TILL VANESSA AND BECKY REACH THE ELEVATOR.
OKAY BECKY, WE'RE ALMOST HOME!

AAGH!
I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE JUST AS THE WOMAN SCREAMED... BECKY'S PROBABLY SAFE -- AT LEAST FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.
BUT I WON'T BE... NOT IF MICAH'S FIST CONNECTS.
TOO MUCH BLOOD LOST... NOT ENOUGH REST... CAN'T KEEP ON...
...GOT TO...

...ESCAPE--
KRHEESH

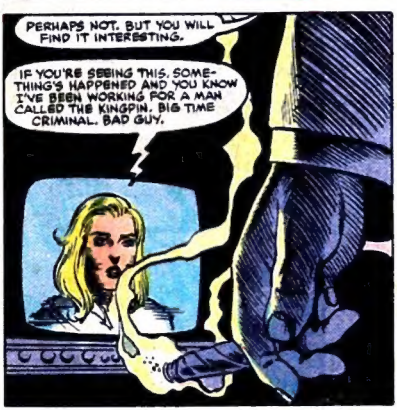
LOOKS LIKE DAREDEVIL COMIN' OUTTA THERE!
COULDN'T BE.
HELP...

PLEASE HELP ME...

THEN, AS THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS BURN AWAY THE NIGHT...
TELL THE KINGPIN I'M HERE AND...

...TELL HIM I NEED A DOCTOR.

BOOM--
MY ASSOCIATE IN THE POSTALSYSTEM INTERCEPTED THIS TAPE CASSETTE. IT IS FROM A MS. HEIDI DEVOTO AND IT IS ADDRESSED TO A PLACE IN KANSAS.
SHOULD I CARE?


PERHAPS NOT. BUT YOU WILL FIND IT INTERESTING.
IF YOU'RE SEEING THIS, SOMETHING'S HAPPENED AND YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR A MAN CALLED THE KINGPIN. BIG TIME CRIMINAL. BAD GUY.

HE HIRED ME TO IMPERSONATE HIS WIFE. VANESSA'S HER NAME.
I GUESS THE JOB'S DANGEROUS. BUT IT PAYS TWENTY KAY A WEEK.
AND THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT. FOR THE MONEY, FOLKS. WHICH IS WHERE I'M AT--A LADY WHO GETS THE BUCKS. THAT'S ME. 'COURSE, THAT WASN'T ALWAYS THE CASE. I CAME TO NEW YORK WITH A LOTTA IDEAS ABOUT ART--
--WITH A CAPITAL A. GONNA BE A GREAT ACTRESS, I WAS. GONNA ELEVATE THE MASSES. SURE.
SO AFTER TEN YEARS OF HIKING MYSELF AROUND TO EVERY CRUMMY CASTING OFFICE IN TOWN, KISSING UP TO EVERY SLEAZEBALL WHO CALLS HIMSELF A PRODUCER--
--WHERE AM I? NO PLACE. ONLY I'M NOT SO DUMB NOW. I KNOW THAT ART AND THE REST OF IT IS A BIG, FAT WHEEZE--NOT REAL ENOUGH TO QUALIFY AS A DREAM--AND THE DOLLARS ARE ALL THAT COUNTS.
THE DOLLARS AND NUMBER ONE. THAT'S ME.
QUITE A CYNICAL YOUNG WOMAN.
YES. BUT NOT COMPLETELY CYNICAL.
BECAUSE SHE WENT BACK. SHE SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR BECKY.
I WAS TOO BUSY TO PROTECT MY WIFE PROPERLY. THEREFORE, MS. DEVOTO HAD TO BE A TARGET, AND SHE DIED. I REGRET THAT.
I THINK YOU DO REGRET IT, AND I'M SURE MICAH SYNN WOULDN'T.
THAT'S WHY I'M JOINING YOU.
NEXT ISSUE • THE WAR ON MICAH SYNN.